

LOVE MESSAGES WITH TUTTI-FRUTTI SCENT.

Miss Thurlow Discloses Three Epistles Attributed to Thomas Adams, Jr.

Classified as "Dear Myrt Letter," "Little Chic Letter" and "Sweet Little Rosebud Letter."

One Reveals a Hard Struggle Between Love and Business, in Which Business Wins.

SEES THE DANGER OF SENTIMENT.

When the Writer Indulges in a Flight of Poesy He Immediately Throws a Dash of Cold Water on It to Reduce the Hazard.

Miss Myrtle Thurlow's breach of promise suit against Thomas Adams, Jr., will be tried in this city on the first Monday in

some of the letters which she claims to have received from Mr. Adams. Three of these letters stand out prominently among the rest, viz:

The Dear Myrt Letter.

The Little Chic Letter.

The Sweet Little Rosebud Letter.

The letters themselves are extremely disappointing. After the first line of endearment the writer seems to have lost his courage, for he sinks at once to the commonplace. He lacked ardor.

Take the third letter, for instance: "My Sweet Little Rosebud."—so it begins. What a felicitous opening for a tender message from a lover to his beloved! "Star of my soul" or "To thee, sweet-heart mine, do the fairest flowers," etc., etc., would have been in perfect harmony with such an opening. Yet, after "My Sweet Little Rosebud," Miss Thurlow's correspondent continues hopelessly:

"Not having been to the P. O. since Saturday, I rec'd twelve letters from you to-day.

"I could not possibly get to Russell Place to-day, but will try to get there by 4 o'clock to-morrow.

"I concluded not to go to the Adirondacks.

"Till to-morrow, sweet love, adieu. TOM."

Under ordinary circumstances "sweet love, adieu," would have been a redeeming feature to any letter, but after "P. O." and "rec'd" it is absolutely hopeless.

The "Dear Myrt" letter, although not very affectionate, is more consistent.

MONTAUK CLUB
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

My Sweet Little Rosebud
been to the P. O. since
Saturday I rec'd two
letters from you today
I could not possibly
get to Russell Place today
but will try to get there
by 4 o'clock to-morrow.
I concluded not to
go to the Adirondacks
Till to-morrow
Love adieu
Tom

Mrs. Louisa Altemeyer Found Dead on the Bed in Her Room.

Death of Her Two Children Believed to Have Caused Her to Take Her Life.

Proposed to Her Husband That They Should Seek Peace in Death Together.

ANOTHER FALLS THREE STORIES.

Mrs. Underwood, Who Was in Trouble About Her Son, Found Unconscious Under Her Window.

Mrs. Louise Altemeyer was found dead in her bed on the fifth floor of No. 427 East Eighty-first street yesterday afternoon. There is little doubt that she ended her own life, and there is a pathetic story leading up to this climax.

For eight years Mrs. Altemeyer's husband had been a paralytic, almost helpless, and she had worked every day, making cigars, in his little bowery shop, in order that they and their two children should not lack bread and a roof over their heads through the husband and father's misfortune. Six months ago one of the children sickened and died. The mother was nearly heartbroken, but kept steadily on at her work in the cigar shop.

The bereaved couple had hardly grown accustomed to the absence of their loved one when the other one fell ill. The child, nine years old, was discovered to be suffering from appendicitis. He was operated on, and a few days ago he, too, died. On the day following his burial the now almost prostrated mother said to her crippled husband:

"What have we left to live for. Let us die, too, and then we shall be at peace."

Yesterday the husband hobbled out of the house on an errand at noon. Mrs. Altemeyer returned before him at about 4:30 o'clock in the afternoon, according to a neighbor. Less than an hour later

she was found dead on the bed in her room. It is believed that she prepared the dose in the kitchen, took it, washed the cup and replaced it, and then lay down on her bed. There will be an autopsy to-day.

Mrs. Altemeyer's life was insured for \$700. On the day of the funeral the husband found this note in her handwriting:

With the \$700 that I leave you can live happily. I am going to join Charlie.

A somewhat similar motive is believed to have caused another East Side mother to attempt suicide late last night. Soon after Henry Game, the janitor of the apartment house at No. 2108 Second avenue, had retired to his room on the second floor he saw something white fall past his window. At first he thought little of it, presuming it to be a sheet or garment of some kind. But the matter lingered in his mind so that he could not sleep, so he and went up to the court under the

and there on the pavement found a woman lying senseless in a dress.

He was summoned and declared that the woman was suffering from internal hemorrhage. She was taken to the hospital, but died from the third floor, that afternoon.

Mrs. Underwood had a mental distress over the death of her son, John, fifteen years old, who was charged with petit larceny and was placed at the Reformatory for the Youthful Offenders.

She had used every effort to get him out, but in vain, and was in a despairing mood.

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—It is learned that the chief of police, Mr. Hall, with the suggestion of his chief of detectives, Mr. Sullivan, will be at the head of the police force.

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LONDON'S DIAMOND REWARD.

Bridget Bayle Brings an Action at Newport to Recover \$30,000.

She Is the Wife of the Chef and Was Employed in the Burden Household.

Claims She Furnished the Information Which Resulted in Finding the Stolen Goods.

THIS IS DENIED BY DEFENDANTS.

Mrs. L. Townsend Burden Says That the Reward Should Go to Streeter, the London Jeweller, and Superintendent Samson.

Newport, R. I., Sept. 19.—The great Burden diamond robbery is to be aired in the courts of Newport. Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Townsend Burden having been made defendants in a case brought by Bridget Bayle.

This woman, who is the wife of the Burden chef, was employed in the household at the time of the robbery and was arrested on suspicion of being connected with the robbery, but later her innocence was proved and she was discharged. She now sues the Burdens for \$30,000, as a part of the reward. She claims that she furnished information which led to the recovery of the jewelry.

Mrs. Burden said to-night that the woman had no claim; that Streeter, the London jeweller, and Superintendent of Police Samson recovered the jewels and were solely entitled to the reward. If Mrs. Bayle has assisted in the recovery she would have been paid. Mr. Burden said the woman had been threatening all summer to sue, but she had no claim. He has affidavits from Chief Inspector Frost, of London, to the effect that the woman furnished no information whatever. The case will be heard in the November term of the supreme court.

The famous Burden jewels are causing the owners more trouble.

Mrs. Bayle, the present plaintiff, was the friend of Edna Stinson, Mrs. Stinson's maid, who was arrested for complicity in the robbery and afterward released after Turner and Dunlop left the household. Mrs. Bayle called on

Brien. She told him that Edna had told her that Turner and Dunlop had the jewels.

Edna sent for Edna Stinson, who denied that she had the jewels. She said that the two former had gone to England and had nothing further to say.

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that caused her to lose her heart.

The "Little Chic" letter, however, is heartrending. It reveals a powerful struggle in the heart of the writer between love and duty, or, as Tom puts it, between business and sentiment. Business won. The letter runs as follows:

September 2, 1893.

My Little Chic:

I have just arrived in town and proceed at once to discharge two obligations, the first to do myself the honor and pleasure of putting myself in communication with you, the second, to make good a promise to you. Not having given any time to business yesterday (as you are already aware), I have double calls upon my time to-day and have obtained the accomplishment of such business as will consume all the time at my disposal, this being a short business day. My letter necessarily will be short. You will know by this that I am not only living and able to get to his, but am pleased to add in good health and spirits. I hope, my little one, that you are as well as when I left you. I shall shortly have the photo taken which you can wear in the heart around your neck. In the heart that perpetuates your dear life I know that my image is indelibly fixed. Now you see I am getting just a little sentimental. I must stop, as business and sentiment don't go well together. Present my compliments to your good mother and accept for yourself my sincere love. C. M. T. TOM.

In this letter, however, Tom shows promise. "The heart that perpetuates your dear life," indicates a strain of poetry that has hitherto been hidden. Tom, however, sees the danger.

"Now, you see, I am getting just a little sentimental," he adds. And then he stops it.

There are other letters, but they lack the ethereal spark, the divine afflatus that is inherited by your true lover. As a writer of amorous epistles Tom is pretty bad.

Miss Thurlow says she has more. Some of them, she declares, are more ardent than either the Sweet Little Rosebud letter or the Little Chic letter. But she would not allow them to be published.

The Royal Blue Line to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. For comfort, safety, speed and punctuality the Royal Blue Line has the van. Superiorly upholstered day and night cars, steam-heated and lighted by gas, afford the traveller every luxury known in modern railroads. Station at foot of Liberty street. Advt.

FELL 60 FEET AND LIVES.

Michael Leddy, an Elevated Railroad Riveter, Landed on a Cinder Pile and Escaped with a Fractured Knee Cap.

Michael Leddy, thirty-two years of age, of No. 223 East Thirty-fourth street, a riveter employed in repairing the elevated railroad structure at the high curve at One Hundred and Tenth street and Eighth avenue, had a narrow escape yesterday morning from instant death by falling a distance of sixty feet while climbing one of the pillars.

Leddy was starting to work and intended climbing a pillar on the east side of the structure. A companion, who was about to climb the pillar on the west side, suggested that Leddy change with him, and the latter consented. The west pillar, instead of ending in the street, goes down into a large cinder pile on a sunken lot.

Leddy looped a piece of rope about the pillar, then, tying it about his body, proceeded to climb. He had reached the brace and was about to swing his leg over it when his hands slipped and the rope became untied. Leddy made a desperate effort to save himself, but failed and fell, striking on the softest part of the cinder pile. Policeman Moore, of the West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street Station, picked him up and summoned an ambulance from Manhattan Hospital. Dr. Lewis responded, and upon examining Leddy found that his only injury beside the shoe of the fall was a fracture of the right knee cap.

Arthur Phelps, ten years of age, of 35 Greenwich street, fell from the roof of No. 193 West Eleventh street, yesterday afternoon, and was instantly killed.

Mrs. Sarah Cody, forty years of age, No. 204 Second avenue, while hanging clothes, fell from the fire escape on the second floor of her home yesterday, to the yard and broke her leg. She was removed to the Hudson Hospital.

Joseph Reardon, sixteen years of age, No. 254 Mott street, while at work in the paper box factory at No. 211 Ce street, yesterday, fell from a step in the yard and landed on his head. He was removed to the Hudson Street Hospital, where an examination of the physicians were of opinion that he was suffering from a fractured skull.



ss Thurlow, Who Wants \$100,000 from Thomas Adams, Jr.

The young woman has disclosed the contents of three letters which she says she received from Adams, of chewing gum fame. She admits that, viewed in the light of love messages, they are in some degree failures. Still Miss Thurlow thinks they had about \$100,000 worth of effect on her heart, and that she is therefore entitled to reimbursement in that amount.

Adams, who is famed far and wide as the manufacturer of tutti-frutti (peppermint, wintergreen, blood orange, vanilla, and other varieties), is supposed to have a fortune of \$1,000,000.

"My Dear Myrt," it runs: "Enclosed I hand you two tickets for Park to-night. Hope you will enjoy the play. I am well and rushed. Am just starting for home, not much time to get train, excuse haste. Lovingly, TOM."

On its face, is the love letter of a young man to a young woman. It is a love letter, and a love letter must be.